THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 10.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XLIX.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

I am troubled, Mr. Saunter, with a scribbling wife—Having exerted every mean, in my power, to reclaim her, from so disagreeable and troublesome a practice, without success, I have, at length, determined to state to you my grievances, and to ask your friendly advice and assistance. I think I have the greater right to do this, because you are, in some measure, the cause of my present disasters. It is you who have administered the poison, and to you, therefore, I may, with propriety, apply to afford the antidote. Besides, should you think my case worthy your attention and interposition, and if your rib be given to scribbling, I am sure you will be of that opinion. A few lines from you, of whose good sense and judgment my wife entertains the highest esteem, will, I am persuaded, produce very beneficial effects, and impose on me very great obligations.

You must know then, sir, that we have been married several years, and lived and prospered in the utmost harmony and happiness, until my wife was seized with her present propensity to scribbling—She had blessed me with several children, and for a prudent, managing, frugal, industrious, and attentive house-keeper, I could have defied the country to have produced her superior. Indeed her neatness and good management were the admiration of our neighbours, who used to say, that Mrs. Plainsense would almost as soon have a spot on her character as on her furniture, and that nobody ever saw, either her parlour, or my affairs, in confusion or disorder. In short, our concerns were every where prosperous, our children were well regulated, and we were held up as a pattern of matrimonial felicity. But, alas! Mr. Saunter, times are changed! When proposals were issued for the publication of the Port Folio, I became a subscriber, hoping to find in it a source of amusement and instruction for myself and family; but had I known the sad effects it was to produce, I ought to have kept it out of my house as carefully as a mad dog, or the yellow fever. For some time I had no reason to complain. My expectations were realized. The mind was improved, and the taste gratified, by the perusal of its pages. But, Mr. Saunter, soon after you commenced your lucubrations, the wise precepts, sound sense, and correct morals, of which, generally speaking, I admire, my misfortunes began. I soon discovered that things did not go on, in my family, as they had used to do—The wonted neatness, order, and regularity began to disappear—A visible alteration took place in my wife's demeanor. Of the cause of these changes, which even my extreme fondness for my wife could not induce me entirely to overlook, I continued, for some time, wholly ignorant and unable to conceive, even a plausible idea, until going one morning, unexpectedly, into the parlour, the mystery was unravelled, and the cause of all my pain presented itself to my view. My wife was seated at a table—Pen and ink stood before her—She was in the attitude of profound meditation, her head leaning on her hand—A sheet of paper lay before her, on which she had written part of a letter, marked "For the Port Folio," and directed to "Samuel Saunter, Esq." "What does this mean, my love," said I. "Mean? (replied she) why, my dear Mr. Plainsense, I am only writing some remarks, upon the fashions, for the Port Folio." "Writing for the Port Folio!" exclaimed I, in astonishment. "Why yes, my dear, (said she,) and why not? Don't you see with how many female correspondents Mr. Saunter is honoured, and how much he professes himself to be flattered and improved by their essays?—Don't you see Lucinda and Constantia, Prudentia and Beatrice, and half a score more, week after week, in the very front of the paper?" "My dear, (said I,) you mistake—those female names are fictitiously assumed, by writers of the other sex, to cover their remarks, with a better face of propriety." "No, indeed, (replied she,) it's no secret, that those letters are, really and truly, written by ladies, aye, and mostly married ladies too—And why may not I, like them, be praised and admired for talents and writings?" "A woman's noblest praise and highest admiration, (rejoined I,) arises from the neatness and order of her household, the correctness of her domestic economy, the cheerfulness and vivacity of her domestic deportment, her liberality to the poor, and her charitable succour and relief to the distressed. Does she wish praise—the sweetest springs from the gratitude of her children. Does she desire admiration—her most ardent and expansive wishes will be gratified in the happiness of her husband, the opening prospects of her children, and the fervent prayers of the sick and afflicted, healed and soothed by her kindness." The paper, on which she had been writing, was immediately committed to the flames, but, I soon found, that this was done through affection for me, and the impulse of the moment, and not from a settled conviction of the truth of my remarks. Her rage for writing became more and more inveterate, and, accordingly, her domestic affairs were more and more neglected. Order and neatness have given place to confusion and sluttishness—Dirt has succeeded cleanliness. We have become as proverbial for bad, as we formerly were for good housekeeping. Every thing is left to the care and management of servants, and servants are, generally, thoughtless and extravagant. My affairs are becoming unprosperous. Instead of the thousand affectionate attentions I used to receive from my wife, her mind seems always absorbed in thought, her cheerfulness and good humour have given place to gloom and pensiveness, and it is but rarely I receive the favour of a smile or a word. But for my children, Mr. Saunter, I most deeply grieve. Many a morning are the poor little darlings driven off to school, without their hair combed, their faces washed, or a morsel of breakfast. While their mama is writing invectives against naked bosoms, and naked ankles, and naked elbows, Bob's coat, and Peggy's frock, are out at the elbows, and their stockings out at the heels, and mama has not time to spare, from her literary employ, for the purpose of mending them. In another respect they suffer much. It used to be my wife's custom, every evening, unless company prevented, to sit down, with her children, and endeavour, by reading or conversation, to mend their morals, improve their manners, and correct their hearts. This is now neglected, her time being completely engrossed in writing, and she attempts to justify her conduct, by saying, her usefulness will not now be confined to a small circle. In the meantime, the children are driven from the parlour, because their noise disturbs her contemplations, and their morals and manners are left to be ameliorated, by the servants, in the kitchen. But to shew you, Mr. Saunter, I do not complain without grounds, I will particularize a few, out of the numberless disasters and mortifications, which have sprung from my wife's scribbling.

A number of my friends were invited, sometime since, to dine with me, and I promised myself much gratification from their society. Soon after the meats should have been put to the fire for cooking, a servant came to me, and said her mistress desired to see me. I obeyed the summons, and my wife told me, with the utmost composure, that the remains of the beef, intended for dinner, were just found in our dog Pompey's kennel, and that the rats had robbed the pantry of the greater part of every duck and turkey.—"Why, (inquired I,) was I not informed of these accidents, until it is now too late to repair the loss?" "My dear, (said she,) I was engaged in writing, till this moment, and sent you word as soon as I discovered it." "Cook some of your essays then," said I, in a pet, and sent an apology to my friends, on account of a sudden indisposition in the family. Some time subsequent, the company was again invited, and matters passed well until the dinner was smoking on the table, and we were ready to engage, but my wife was absent. After every thing was completely cooled, she appeared, begging to be excused, as she had but just finished an essay for the Port Folio. When the first course was completely finished, and every one expected a change, she seemed absorbed in meditation. At length, calling for the servant, as I supposed to remove the dishes, she ordered him to bring her pen, ink, and paper, and craved our patience, for a few minutes, until she committed to paper, some ideas which, she feared, might otherwise escape her.

The beef was brought in, one day, for dinner, burnt to a cinder. The maid was called, and the reason demanded. She had been copying a love-song, to be sent to the newspaper, and had quite forgotten the meat, at the fire. The care

lessness and insolence of the slut, made me instantly discharge her; but I could not refrain from telling her mistress, she might have found some excuse in her example.

One instance more, and I have done. My wife was one day engaged in her usual employment, and the ink-bottle, from which she had just filled the ink-stand, drained by her incessant scribbling, stood on the table before her. One of the little children, playing about the room, unluckily fell against the looking-glass. Down it came on the table, and overset and broke the ink-bottle—the jetty stream took its course directly across my wife's paper, thence to her gown, and spread in a puddle on the carpet. Just then I entered the room, and beheld the desolation. My child's head cut and bloody—a costly looking-glass broken—my wife's labours destroyed, at which, you may be sure, I did not much grieve—and our best mahogany table, an elegant muslin gown, and an excellent carpet, completely spoiled. For some days after, she did not touch her pen, and I cheered myself with the idea, that she had, forever, renounced it; but, alas! she has returned to it, and, I fear, more ardently than before.

Thus, Mr. Saunter, have I told you my tale, in my own plain way, and, I think, you will say, it is a grievous one, and needs redress. Not being accustomed to writing, I do not expect it is done in a scholastical manner. But if you will give it your corrections, and publish it in your paper, with such remarks, as you may think proper and necessary, you will infinitely oblige,

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY PLAINSENSE.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY, No. IV.

Let us now turn our eyes towards France, the fairest portion of Europe, and there mark the sanguinary progress of Democracy.

The bounties of nature have been profusely lavished on that country: a fertile soil, salubrious climate, and abundant population; a people, eminent for their urbanity and sprightliness of disposition, whose vivacity can turn the arrows of affliction, and draw comfort from the most barren source; a people whose loyalty was proverbial, and whose reverence for rank, and correct ideas of subordination, conspired to render them the best subjects for the monarchical form of government.

Even in that country, the demon of Democracy, by insidious arts, has advanced to a full triumph—it has overleaped the barriers of the constitution, and levelled King, Priest, and Noble, with the dust. But, fortunately for the whole world, and still in perfect consistency with its own nature, it has stepped beyond its bounds, and been crushed by the ruins that surrounded it. It has presumed farther than its power extended, and been consumed to ashes, by the flames that itself kindled, for not a spark of its spirit remains in France, not even a glimmering of its light is visible, but, from its ashes, there has arisen a power, mighty in force, and prodigious in extent, and whose fame and success are a satire on the character of Democracy; and prove it an imposter, that has a fair beginning, and holds out a promise of reward, but whose progress is stained with blood, and whose end is, invariably, the tyranny of a single person. I shall undertake to follow this rapid and bloody career, and mark by what means it triumphed, and how it was finally vanquished.

Louis, the sixteenth, inherited a crown, embarrassed with debt, and surrounded with difficulties; and though in the prime of his youth, and idolized by his people, the prospect before him presented but a sad and gloomy scene. He had embarked on a tempestuous sea, where the firmness, as well as the skill of the pilot were needful, to avoid the rocks and shoals, with which it abounded; no gentle steady breeze wafted his vessel; his course was unexplored, and storms and hurricanes arose on every side.

Louis, the fourteenth, had out-lived his glory, it was obscured by a cloud of military disasters. Since that period, a lowering sky has darkened the political horizon of France. The extravagant and tumultuous reign of his successor, (though many brilliant actions proclaim the genius of his heroes, and the military spirit of his people,) tended only to accumulate the misfortunes, which so rapidly crouded around, and finally overwhelmed the throne. To bear up, amid these pressing calamities, by vigorous exertions to lighten the oppressions of the nation, without weakening the supports of the Crown, baffled the fortitude of Louis, the sixteenth. Here we should date the decline of the kingly power; for the bold and factious, perceiving the weakness of the government, conceived hopes, and actively employed themselves in retrenching the royal authority; but, innocent himself, the King knew neither fears nor suspicions.

At the very time, when the sceptre of his ancestors trembled in his hand, and the horrors of a national bankruptcy stared him in the face; when his exhausted coffers scarcely afforded him security in a time of peace, the generous Louis directed his chief attention to relieve the burdens of his people, increased by the profusions and wars of former reigns, and here the Monarch fell a victim to the amiable weakness of the man.

In consequence of this disposition of the King, several popular measures were adopted, one of which was the elevation of Mons. Neckar, to the head of the treasury. It is important to our subject to dwell, for a time, on the character of this man; to point out the means he adopted to relieve, during a short period, the pecuniary oppressions of the people, by a fallacious system of finance; to mark the arts by which he ingratiated himself with the nation, and the effects of that popularity on the nobility and court.

Mons. Neckar was a protestant and a stranger, two disqualifications, hitherto never overlooked, in the appointment of a comptroller general. Raised, by his industry and abilities, in fiscal concerns, from the obscure situation of clerk, in a merchant's compting house, to become the first banker in Paris, he amassed a prodigious fortune, which was yet inferior to his vast ambition. In the pecuniary transactions of that government, needy and extravagant, recourse to the chief banker of the city, was a thing unavoidable. The dexterity with which M. Neckar managed the funds of his own house, and his extensive capital and credit gave him considerable influence with the government; this, joined to his reputation for integrity, wisdom, and economy, made him popular with the nation.

The taxes, in France, had increased to an amazing degree. These the people attributed to the extravagance of the court, which, it must be allowed, very much multiplied them, and murmurs ensued. To put a stop to these complaints, the system of borrowing was resorted to, and as M. Neckar understood this business, to which, and stock-jobbing, he was bred, the King nominated him comptroller general. No measure of the government could have been more popular, or any more impolitic, as I shall presently evince. Of an artful and designing disposition, with talents to make money, but not to reform the disordered finances of a great nation, M. Neckar commenced his administration with publishing an account of the receipts and expenses of the government, in which he describes the deplorable state of the treasury, when he was called from private life, to take it under his protection. In this *account rendered*, he artfully displays the graces of his character, that nothing, but his love for the people, induced him to accept an arduous office, for which he received no compensation; that no new taxes should be imposed, and still the affairs of government progress without interruption. This declaration at once gained him the confidence of the nation, and, more particularly, of the monied interest, who, seeing their chieftain in so exalted a station, naturally expected many new advantages to their stock-jobbing manœuvres.

The elevation of M. Neckar was a conciliatory step, on the part of the King; but the court and nobility were totally averse from it. He envied them, and they despised him, and this animosity was carried so far as to refuse him a seat in the council. The pride and resentment of the court confirmed the great bulk of the nation in their attachment to the person of the comptroller. The system of borrowing, continued through the whole course of the American war; which system, so plausible, was simply to pay off the interest of an old debt, by contracting a new one. The people satisfied, though deceived, by not having new taxes imposed, and the creditors of the government encouraged, by regularly receiving the interest of the money loaned to the state, united in adoring the minister, who had increased the wealth of the kingdom; who had afforded aid to the Americans, in their struggle for freedom, and humbled the haughty foe of their country, without an additional burden on the subject. But this golden dream was soon to pass away; this mighty bubble was soon to break, and, by the ruin and wretchedness it would occasion, awaken them to a sense of their danger. Had the people only asked themselves this plain question—how were these accumulating principals, these mighty capitals of debt, to be paid, if the interest of one could only be discharged by borrowing a new one, when and how shall the increased and increasing capitals be reduced? The solution of this question would have undeceived them. But M. Neckar was a demagogue, and his partizans would sooner have seen their country ruined, than him disgraced. His aggrandisement might result from the former; and on that event his friends had placed their hopes of individual benefit.

On M. Calonne, who succeeded Neckar, the indignation and hatred of the nation fell; for it was then that the fruits of the borrowing system began to appear; the kingdom was not at peace; to levy new taxes, or even to continue the borrowing plan, would have been madness, and have alarmed the whole nation. The loans, that were in the treasury, were hourly wasting, the extravagancies of the court continued, and the arch bishop of Sens, the new Minister, knew not how to stop the growing evil.

M. Neckar, who beheld in security, from his banishment, the raging of the storm, that he had raised, was now recalled, as the man who alone could calm the tempest.

From this moment the King was a mere cypher. He had thrown himself into the hands of his Minister; this Minister was the idol of a faction, and this faction, the richest portion of his subjects. All the offices of the state appeared centered in the person of the Minister, whose advice, on all occasions, was implicitly regarded. This is the period at which the Jacobin party was organized, and first took its stand. That faction, of which M. Neckar was the head,

though, perhaps, inflamed with less criminal views, than it afterwards discovered, daily grew in strength, and increased in number; though composed of different men, its principles then were, and now are the same, and similar means were employed, in the different stages of its progress, for the attainment of its infamous objects.

If any thing be wanting to complete the character of M. Neckar, his connexion with the Duke of Orleans removes every doubt, and renders it conspicuous and evident. This man distinguished for every vice and villainy, that could disgrace human nature: a debauchee, a gambler, nay, a murderer; first prince of the blood, and the worst man in the kingdom; of princely fortune, and yet mean and criminal in the acquisition of wealth; a bad husband, and an undutiful son. The Duke of Orleans was the political friend of Neckar, and both were active in hastening the death of their sovereign, and the ruin of their country.

AURELIUS.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

At the time Dr. Goldsmith composed his popular ballad, Edwin and Angelina, Dr. Percy, since Bishop of Dromore, had gratified the virtuoso, and the lover of simple poetry, by publishing divers old English ballads, among which was "The friar of orders grey." Of this ancient rhyme some stanzas appeared to resemble Goldsmith's Hermit. The minor wits, jealous of the rising reputation of Goldsmith, taxed him with plagiarism. He accordingly published a letter, in the St. James' Chronicle, and, with the dignity of a man, conscious both of his invention and integrity, asserted his authorship. But, according to a recent biographer, distinguished for his accuracy of facts, and elegance of recital, both these ballads were manifestly founded on a very old song, in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, "Gentle Heardsman," &c. see Vol. II. No. 14. At an early period, Goldsmith had seen and admired this poem, and his felicity, in imitating some parts of it, may be seen, by recurring to the ensuing stanzas,

FROM THE OLD BALLAD.

And grew soe coy, and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forscothe,
Unless I willed him soe to doe.

Thus, being wearyed with delayes,
To see I pittyed not his greefe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releefe.

And for his sake, these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day I'll beg my bread,
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe, till I dye;
And gett me to some secrette place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

FROM THE HERMIT.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected by my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down, and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

In a periodical paper, published a few years since, and evidently the offspring of juvenile pens, the only ingenious essay, in the collection, was an attempt to shew that Goldsmith translated his charming stanzas, almost word for word, from an old French virelay. I should hardly suspect Goldsmith of raking in the rubbish of the twelfth century, or of poaching among the Provençals, when he could start such fine game on his own manor. In the opinion of the most perspicacious of the critics, the French rhymes, above alluded to, are a *forgery*, and by some wicked wit, shaped in the mould of Goldsmith's Edwin, merely, as a *modern Greek* would say, to *humbug the town*. With regard to the affinity between the Doctor's ballad, and "the Gentle Herdsman," my zeal to defend a favourite author, urges me, by an irresistible impulse, to declare my belief, that nothing like plagiarism can be justly imputed to Goldsmith. A writer has a broad charter to use liberally the knowledge and invention of his predecessors. He may resort to any store-house for his materials, and, in an age, when nothing entirely new can be expected, all that the most rigid inspector has a right to demand is, that these materials, to continue the allusion, may be *worked up* judiciously, and that no performance, from the loom of Literature, come forth, without some glowing colours, and some beautiful figures. In an old quarry, the author of the Vicar of Wakefield discovered a vein of poetical marble, that might assist him to rear a modern superstructure. But to degrade the elegant simplicity of Edwin and Angelina, by an ungenerous recurrence to the uncouthness of "the Gentle Herdsman," would be to measure the fine proportions of a Corinthian column, by the rude standard of an Indian hut.

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In one of the latest satirical poems, which I have received from England, the following eulogy upon one of the most evangelical of prelates, occurs. We view the character of the Bishop of London with the highest admiration, and are justified, from a knowledge of his words and deeds, in declaring that the ensuing lines are more than a high *compliment*.

Porteus, from whom the words of truth distil,
Pure as the dews, on Hermon's sacred hill,
Yet, in whose life, the pious Christian views,
A practice, purer than the purest dews.

The author of the above lines, who, if not a jacobin, is, at least, a malecontent, thus continues, in a note, what must be considered as honest praise.

"I cannot avoid paying an undissembled eulogy to the piety, eloquence, and zeal, of the present truly evangelical Bishop of London. A prelate, whose life and lips evince, in happy unison, the genuine principles of the Gospel he professes; whose lectures on the truth of Christianity, few have forborn to hear, who had it in their power to attend, and every one, who has once heard, must wish to hear repeatedly.

—

Every memorial of Cowper, the poetical and the pious, is dear to every reader, who has a head, pure from vicious fumes, and a heart, *unspotted by the world*.

EPITAPH ON COWPER.

Here, where thought no more devours,
Rests the Poet and the man;
Life, with all its subtle powers,
Ending where it first began.

Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,
Weep thee o'er his death awhile;
If thine eye would still be clear,
Think upon his life, and smile.

—

The varied emotions of the votary of Love, are finely described by one, who feels like a man, and writes like a bard.

Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray,
Which lightens our meandering way;
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teazing,
And teazes, though divinely pleasing.

—

Catullus, it has been remarked, has well described the contrariety of feelings, in the breast of a lover.

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. CARM. 58.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die,
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

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In a burlesque description of the performance of a celebrated actress, on the Edinburg theatre, whom it was fashionable to extol with the utmost exaggeration of praise, the tumid style is finely ridiculed, and the most austere of our readers will smoothe their brow at the following.

Yesterday Mrs. ———, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, in the bewitching, melting, and all tearful character of Isabella. The house was crouded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of Melpomene, this comet of the stage, this sun in the firmament of the muses, this moon of blank verses, this queen and princess of tears, this despot of the poisoned bowl, this empress Rusty Fusty of the pistol and dagger, this chaos of Shakspeare, this world of weeping clouds, this Juno of commanding aspect, this Terpsichore of the curtain and scenes, this Proserpine of fire and earthquake, this Katterfelto of wonders, exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all description. She was Nature; she was the most exquisite work of art; she was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, wall flower, and cauliflower too, sweet briar, furze blossom, gilly-flower, and rosemary. In short, she was the very bouquet of Parnassus. Several fainted before the curtain drew up—the very fiddlers, in the orchestra, blubbered like hungry children, for their bread and butter; 109 ladies fainted; forty-six went into fits; and ninety-five had strong hysterics. The world will hardly credit the assertion, that fourteen children, five old women, a one handed sailor, and six common council men were actually drowned in the inundation of tears, that flowed from the galleries and boxes, to increase the briny flood in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people, that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were, in that situation, up to their ancles in tears. Nature, surely, in one of her humane leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her weeping months, and in one of her all-sorrowing years, made this human lump of clayey perfection.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Phœbe is represented as very beautiful, and not quite free from the vanity which beauty is

apt to create in the mind of its possessor—We think her understanding appears to be superior to that which usually falls to the lot of the cottager. But another charge is made against Shakspeare. Her marriage with Silvius is said to be unnatural. Against this charge we shall attempt to defend our author. Phœbe, believing Rosalind to be a man, falls in love with her, but on discovering her sex, accepts the hand and heart of Silvius. She has previously promised, that if she should refuse to accept the hand of Rosalind, when it be offered to her, she would as a forfeit, marry Silvius. It might be alledged, that, rather than break her promise, she wedded the man whom she did not love. But we are not willing to rest our defence on this ground. It is the argument of a sophist, and might be defeated by remarking, that her promise was given to one whom she believed to be a *man*—not to a *woman*. Deception was used, and this was sufficient to annul the promise. It may, therefore, be considered as if no promise had been made, and viewing it in this light, her marriage with Silvius may be alledged to be unnatural. But remarking, by the way, that perseverance often gains its point, and that, broken down by the gloom and mortification attendant upon the keenness of disappointment, the mind rests for consolation on that, which in the hour of sanguine hope, it had contemptuously scorned. We shall relate a fact, and if it tell, in vindication of Shakspeare, our object is answered, as we relate it only to shield him from hasty criticism.

In journeying through a thinly inhabited part of Pennsylvania, where a space of ten or twelve miles intervened between each house, a traveller stopped at a log hut for refreshment—While dinner was preparing, he conversed with a beautiful female, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, who was sitting with a child in her arms on the bench by the door side—"*Pray, my girl, are you married?*"—"*Yes sir.*"—"*Where is your husband?*"—"*There*"—pointing to an awkward rustic, cutting wood at a few paces from the door. He appeared to be more than thirty years of age, and had as homely features, and an expression of countenance as savage, as our traveller had ever beheld. Such a marriage did not seem as if it had been made in heaven, and, therefore, the latter could not refrain from the question, though probably with a slight violation of the law of civility, "How has it happened, that a girl, so pretty and so young as you, has married a man so homely, and so much older than yourself?"...."Ah, Sir! we have not much choice here," was the reply of rustic simplicity, and of honest nature.

We shall not delineate more of the characters, in this comedy. We have sketched the principal, although the others deserve, not only attention, but study. The banished Duke, and the usurper, Oliver, Celia, Corin, Sir Oliver Martext, and Le Beau, are well drawn, and faithful to nature, and although they say little, it is to the point. But, one reflection must cross the mind of every reader. In his plays, Shakespeare does not depend on the hero alone for their success, as is usual, with modern dramatists; nor does the splendour of the chief personage obscure the other characters. They are oft, it is true, as stars compared with the sun, but they are those stars which, on a clear day, are seen in the heavens, while the sun pours his meridian blaze; not those, that wait his retiring, that they may twinkle, and shed their feeble beams. The characters, in the dramas of Shakspeare, are distinctly marked as the heroes of Homer. This is eminently confirmed in the play before us.

The unities of time and place are violated in this comedy, but those, who deem these violations censurable, we refer to Dr. Johnson's masterly preface, to his edition of Shakespeare. If, as we believe, it be almost impossible to mistake the representation of a play, for the reality, (and if the dramas of our bard have not this effect, it is idle to expect it elsewhere;) the preservation of the unities are useless, and censure on their violation, absurd. If the delusion do occur, still the violation of these Aristotelian rules is unimportant, for, during the representation, the deluded cannot coolly attend to it, and his critical eye or ear receives no very acute pang, as his judgment slumbers; and, in the closet, the unities of time and place need not be preserved, because there, no one, while holding the volume in his hand, can deem it a reality. If there be such a person, his excessive sensibility precludes us from paying much deference to his critical cavils. To prove the preservation of the unities essential, it must be established, that dramatists, who have not violated them, please more than Shakspeare; and also, that if the latter had been fettered by them, he would have been more interesting. The former position has not even been advanced, and the latter cannot now be proved.

We shall conclude this part of our Analysis, with the comments of Dr. Johnson.

"Of this play, the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility, with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia, much may be forgiven, for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques, is natural, and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery, than in some other plays, and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the Usurper and the Hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers."

We shall now enter upon an illustration of "*The Beauties*" of "*As you like it*," and in pursuit of our object, shall take up each scene, in order, as it stands. We are aware of an observation, made by the chief of critics, that he who attempts to recommend Shakspeare, by pointing out particular beauties in his plays, will succeed no better than the man, who, having a house for sale, should produce one brick as a specimen. We should tremble, indeed, at a critical warfare with Dr. Johnson; and, lest his observation may be tortured by some to apply to us, we would remark, that this is not our design. It is of far greater latitude. We present more than particular beauties. We have sketched a general outline of the plot, and delineated the principal characters. He who has travelled with us thus far, and shall accompany us to the conclusion of our journey, will possess, we trust, more than a general knowledge of the country through which we shall guide him.

If more correct information, with respect to the plot or the characters, be required, it will be found in the ensuing part of our Analysis. We shall not note the faults in the piece. Our design is to amuse, not to disgust. To praise, not to censure. To induce "*retired leisure*" to pass some of its hours in the study of the "first of poets," and to render justice to him, who has rendered justice to human nature. By omitting to point out the blemishes of this play, we neither intend nor wish to raise an implication, that it possesses none. But it is foreign to our design to point them out. We do not offer this as a deep and studied criticism. If we possessed the talents, for elaborate criticism, we should cautiously avoid the imputation of malignity. We wish rather to be viewed as the keeper of a gallery of paintings, who leads his visitors round, and, in pointing out the beauties impressed on the canvas, renders the homage of the admiration that glows in his bosom. We hope, that like him, we shall be unnoticed, while the attention of our visitors fastens on the beautiful sketches of the human heart. We merely claim credit for a knowledge, which constant and long attention to one subject must impress upon the mind; and when we shall have pointed out the beauties of the chief painter of the human heart, we flatter ourselves, that our visitors will be disposed to frequent, not indeed, our ill-arranged and partial museum, but the mine whence we have collected our curiosities, and our ornaments.

(To be continued.)

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Since I sent you the colloquial stanzas, of that brace of patriots, Gallatin and Duane, I have had the satisfaction to obtain a number of other productions, of the same muse. They form a *Melange*, on various subjects, as accident or leisure may have prompted; and strongly evince the versatile talents of Mr. Duane, which can equally well, either stoop to trifles with Leib and Granger, or, rising, on adventurous wing, soar into the lofty region of self praise.

I am not certain, that I may not be traversing the intentions of Mr. D. by sending his effusions into the world, somewhat prematurely, and perhaps not in the precise form he intended they should appear; but a solicitude, lest, by any accident, they might be lost, (and, my obtaining them, is a proof of their having been entrusted to very careless hands,) outweighs every other consideration; and, as I am confident you will agree with me, that nothing, but the most blushing diffidence, in the author, could, for any length of time, deprive the public of such exquisite morceaus, I take the liberty of opposing any wish of concealment he may have, and transmitting a few of them to you, for publication.

I remain, &c.

PROTEUS.

DUANEIANA.

One night, at Lovel's Hotel, an old presbyterian parson, from the country, had, by some chance, got into the company, which, Paine, soon discovering, entertained us all, in a very humorous manner, upon the folly of religion, and about the story of Jonah and the whale. The parson sate, for a long time, quietly smoking, in the corner; at last, however, when his pipe was out, he turned round to Paine, and, while he very deliberately, shook the ashes from it, into the fire, said, with just such a voice as I remember to have heard some of his fraternity have, in the pulpit....Ah, Thomas Paine! Thomas Paine! let me advise you, in the words of that holy book, which you have ridiculed, "Not to be wise in thine own eyes, to fear the Lord, and depart from evil. The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Sir! cried Paine, in an accent of the greatest surprise and indignation, do you know *whom* you speak to in this manner? Do you know, that, but for *me*, this country would never have gained its independence? Do you know, that *I* have done more for it than all your armies....than all your Washingtons and Adamses? Do you know, that *I* first proposed the constitution, which you now call federal? as if there was such a word in the English language! Do you know, that, had *I* happened (another word, of which I doubt the propriety) to have been hung, by the tyranny of the English King,

before the revolution of this country, you would not have had a political existence? Give *me* leave to tell you, sir, quoting the same collection of absurdity, which you dignify with the appellation of holy; "that *I* have understanding as well as you; *I* am not inferior to you." The poor parson, overpowered by my friend's eloquence, had, by this time, taken the spectacles, which he put on to stare at Paine, from his nose, wiped them, and put them in his pocket; and, being utterly unable to answer the questions proposed to him, called out to the landlord, "be so good, sir, as to let me have another room. I shall be obliged, for the future, to seek some other house, if you are in the habit of entertaining such company."

After old crusty's departure, I had a hearty laugh at P. for getting into a passion, and speaking from the Bible; and, after I retired to my chamber, feeling myself inspired with a *furor poeticus*, I seized my pen, and, indulging, at P's. expense, in little better than an hour, produced the following

IMPROMPTU.

Ha! this is droll,
Upon my soul!
To hear Paine quote the Bible;
Who prov'd it all,
To great and small,
'Gainst God and man a libel.

A repartee of Paine, who, one night, in a select party of us, after he had got pretty soaky, proposed to drink damnation to the federal breed, and success to all true democrats.

MYSELF AND PAINE.

Nay, nay, friend Paine, take heed! take heed!
"D.....n to the federal breed!"
Why, that is quite against our creed;
We all deny that evil.
When turning round, said he, that's true,
But—hiccup—you all—hiccup—knew,
When Adams made you look so blue,
He—hiccup—was the devil.

—

An epigram, to be published in the next edition of the Age of Reason.

What joy to live, in this blest age,
No devils now affright us;
And REASON, such her mighty power!
Has made e'en *Paine* delight us.

—

A Rowland for his Oliver, or a good hit that I gave Leib.

MYSELF AND LEIB.

Said I once, to Leib, with a face somewhat grave,
If, Doctor, the French should come o'er,
Pray, what shall we do, all our places to save,
And banish their tribe from our shore?
Cried he, at the worst, one sure way may be tried,
You praise them—'twill banish their tribe:
No, be their *physician*, I archly replied,
We're safe if they let *you* prescribe.

—

A logical solution, by Randolph, of a question, started by Gid. Granger, in the manner it was communicated to me, by the latter.

GRANGER LOQUITUR.

Says I to Ran, one day, says I,
Why are *we* always right?
Says Ran, with simpering smile, says he,
I'll bring the cause to light.

You'll grant, says Ran, the feds are wrong?
Says I, I know that's true:
Why then, says he, we're not like them,
They're not like I and you.

Now, that's the cause, says Ran, says he,
Why we are always right:
I vow and swear, I think, says I,
You've guess'd the reason quite.

—

Myself and Monro, getting together over a friendly bottle, entered into a conversation, concerning his intended mission to Spain and France. I must say, that I was highly pleased, to find he cared so little about the opinions of that party, which reprobated his conduct, in such gross terms, when he was last in a diplomatic character. At that period, there were many persons in this country, so silly, as to think, that because the government chose to get angry at the French, for taking a few of our merchant ships, when the poor fellows were very much in want of them, that Monro ought to have got into a passion, also, and remonstrated against the impropriety of such conduct, towards their old ally. But we have become more enlightened, since then, and those old fashioned sentiments, are justly despised, at the present day; and will continue to be so, as long as we rule the roast.

MYSELF AND MONRO.

Pray, why do you travel to Spain,
Friend Monro?
Pray why do you travel to Spain?
"Cause we all now agree,
'Cross the Missisippi,
The Spaniards, a long and strong chain,
Mean to throw."

And what will you say to the King,
Friend Monro?
And what will you say to the King?
"About a poor river,
Shall *we* quarrel!—never,
Your majesty, think such a thing:
No, no, no."

Should he steer by the Consul's advice,
Friend Monro?
Should he steer by the Consul's advice?
"Make my bow with a grace,
And in the next place,
To my favourite France, in a trice,
Will I go."

And what will you say to the chief,
Friend Monro?
And what will you say to the chief?
"May it please you, I come,
'Bout a river at home,
For which we are all in much grief,
As you know."

Should you meet with contempt and disgrace,
Friend Monro?
Should you meet with contempt and disgrace?
"Bend beneath his disdain,
And (my labour in vain)
To Jefferson carry my face,
Full of woe."

And what if the federalists swear,
Friend Monro?
And what if the federalists swear?
Why—old Washington's cold,
And Pickering can't scold,
And as for the others, I care
But so, so."

—

A patriotic song, intended to be published, should we be obliged to declare war against the French, for attempting, (as some think they will, soon after their arrival in Louisiana,) to deprive our southern democratic citizens of their property, by exciting their negroes to run away from them. Note....the federalists would have us go to war, if the French should only infringe our rights to a free navigation, and place of deposit, on the Missisippi.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

QUIS PARTHUM PAVEAT?

At last the French have come my boys!
What then? we do not fear 'em!
We scorn their sansculottish noise;
Besides—we're not yet near 'em.
Chorus.
Columbia has no cause for dread;
While freedom smiles upon her,
Bold JEFFERSON her troops shall lead,
And lead them on to honour.

Why, what care we for Buonaparte?
He is not our director:
Each one of us—that has a heart,
Shall be his own protector.
Chorus.
Columbia, &c.

On southern states the tempest raves;
And, lo!—not Gallic cattle—
The demos, mustering up their slaves,
March, ardent, to the battle.
Chorus.
Columbia, &c.

Ierne's sons—a *Pat*riotic band—
Shall rush to our assistance,
Each a shillela in his hand;
Why fear we, then, resistance?
Chorus.
Columbia, &c.

Let federalists go hide their heads,
The scorn of future story;
No democrat the conflict dreads,
But seeks the path to glory.
Chorus.
Columbia, &c.

While we have JEFFERSON to *lead*—
For liberty's fair charter,
Who would not in the battle bleed?
Who would not die a martyr?
Chorus.
Columbia has no cause for dread;
While freedom smiles upon her,
Bold JEFFERSON her troops shall head,
And lead them on to honour.

—

Lines on MYSELF, to be published in some of the democratic papers, with the signature....*One of the People.* I do'n't think their insertion in the Aurora, would be altogether proper; for, though I believe none of my subscribers, would suspect me of being their author; yet, there might appear to be a degree of indelicacy in it. Mem. I must not forget to have them copied by some other hand, before I send them for publication, lest mine should be known; for, if the federalists get hold of the story, they would prabably accuse me of egotism, in praising myself. If that scoundrel, Callender, knew it, he'd make a sad tale.

TO WM. DUANE, *ESQ.*

.....VELUT INTER IGNES,
LUNA MINORES.....[HOR.

O THOU! the people's guide, their steady friend,
Incline thine ear, and graciously attend!
Why from our plaudits, dost thou, coy, remove?
Why shun th' effusions of a country's love?
Ah! why—but need I ask, when all can tell,
That modesty with merit loves to dwell,
And still her consort's praise her cheeks adorn,
Sweet nymph! with blushes like the break of morn.

O THOU! the *Palinurus* of the state!
What though thou may'st not join the warm debate;
(For short the time, thy enemies insist,
Since Duane's name first grac'd our civic list.)
What, as I said, though on the council floor,
Thou may'st not all thy mighty mind explore,
But sitst perdue, and mute as any mouse,
While Randolph's squeakings echo through the house.
Yet, well we judge each scene by thee was plann'd,
And he, thy puppet, moves at thy command;
Yes, well, to many, has this truth been known—
What Randolph seem'd, belong'd to thee alone.

STATESMAN PROFOUND—yet to thy party true,
Thou ne'er shall swerve, though interest start in view.
Let some assert, affecting to be wise,
In different climes opinions different rise;
Still foremost in pursuit of honest fame,
With thee all climes, all seasons are the same;
Not torrid suns, not e'en the chilling *pole*,
Could change the stubborn virtue of thy soul.

O FRIEND OF JEFFERSON! beneath thy care,
The tree of liberty shall flourish fair;
And scions, springing round its root, be seen
To *bloom forever* in *perennial green.*

Hail wonderous man! to thee my lyre is strung:
Fain would I chaunt thy virtue, yet unsung;
But, ah! 'twere rash; the bard who strikes the lyre,
In praise of thee, should boast celestial fire.

Hail wonderous man! the organ of our will!
May thy creative genius ne'er be still,
Till federalists, astonished, skulk away,
Like owls before the rising god of day.

Hail wonderous man! in thee, Columbia views,
A subject worthy her sublimest muse—
The man who feeds her daily with *new* news.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[To give publicity, to literary projects, of acknowledged use, is always a source, of the purest pleasure, to the Editor. The following *liberal* scheme, of an active, and intelligent bookseller, merits the regard of every man of letters.]

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

OR, A KEY TO

LEARNING AND WEALTH.

In order to obtain these two desirable blessings, it most generally depends on the œconomy of time. This, with method and correct information, may soon be husbanded to the greatest advantage: without either, a person may waste all his life and even run the risque of impairing his health rapidly. Therefore, it is presumed, that a collection of works or books, combined to form a key to *learning*, which may lead through this to *wealth*, cannot but be acceptable in this country. It is, then, with satisfaction, that H. Caritat, of New-York, feels himself now enabled, by his late voyages to Europe, to offer to the public at large, and *free of any charge or expense*, the use in his store, City Hotel, Broadway, of the volumes he has collected on the subject of BIBLIOGRAPHY. They amount to about eighty volumes. A proper and convenient place will be assigned them, in said store; and those who may wish to come and consult the same, will also be supplied with a table, chairs, paper and ink, in case they want to take extracts of the books.

THE PRESENT

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL COLLECTION,

CONSISTS OF

Lempriere's classical Dictionary; containing a full account of ancient authors and their works, 8vo.—Harwood's View of the various editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, 12mo.—Dibdin's Introduction to the Knowledge of rare and valuable editions of Greek and Roman Classics, 12mo.—Brown's classical Dictionary, 12mo.—Ayscough's general Catalogue of English Literature, with the size and price of each article, 3 vols. 8vo.—Worall's Bibliotheca Legum Angliæ, 2 vols. 12mo.—Butterworth's general Catalogue of Law Books, 12mo.—Biographia Medica, 2 vols. 8vo.—Adams's Biographical Dictionary of eminent Persons, and catalogues of their Productions, 8 vols. 8vo.—Wattkins' Biographical Dictionary, 8vo.—*London Catalogue of Books, with their size and prices*, 8vo.—Catalogues of the following Publishers and Booksellers in London, with prices, &c.—Robinson's, of the latest publications.—Lackington's, containing 800,000 volumes, 5 vols. 8vo.—White's, of rare, splendid and valuable books, 8vo. 2 parts.—Evans's, of useful, curious and valuable books, 8vo.—Leigh and Sotheby's, of books in all Arts and Sciences, in various languages, 8vo. Clarke's Catalogue of law and Miscellaneous Books.—Lunn's of Classics, and Hookam's, of his Library, 8vo.—Cadell's, of approved English Book.—Hogg's, Phillips's, Allen's, Longman and Rees's, Sewall's, Vernor and Hood's, Law's, Clarke's, Stockdale's, &c. 8vo.—Taylor's, of Books on Architecture; Ackerman's, of Prints, Drawings, &c. Jones, of Books on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, and of Mathematical Instruments, 8vo.—Lane's, of his Circulating Library, 8vo.—Ogilvy's, Mawman's, and Boosey's, 12mo.—Cawthorn's Literary List, and Newbery's instructive and amusing Publications.

N. B. As there is no work in the English language, on *Bibliography*, a few words, taken from the following French collection, will explain here its object.

BIBLIOGRAPHY;

OR, A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF BOOKS.

In works relating to that science, which is more extensive and universal than any other, *Bibliographers* give instructions respecting languages, logic, criticism, philosophy, eloquence, mathematics, geography, chronology, history, politics, the art of printing, &c. The study of those writers, who deserve that appellation, respects also ancient and modern authors: they endeavour to acquire a knowledge of useful, rare and curious books, and spend their lives in analysing, classifying, and describing them. Periodical works, or those treating of Libraries, as well as explanatory Catalogues, well digested: the mode of trading in books, in ancient and modern times, are likewise subjects in which a *Bibliographer* ought to be informed.

List of books, of the above description, making part of H. Caritat's

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL COLLECTION.

De Bure's Instructive Bibliography; or a Treatise on the knowledge of rare and curious Books, in various languages, 7 vols. 8vo.—Cailleau's Bibliographical Dictionary of valuable and approved Books, in Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, &c. 4 vols. 8vo.—Manual of Ancient and Classical Literature, 2 vols. 8vo.—Desessart's New Pocket Bibliographical Dictionary; or an Essay on Universal Bibliography, 8vo.—Piegnot's Manual of Bibliography; or an Essay on Ancient and Modern Libraries, and the Knowledge of Books, respecting their size, editions, the manner of forming a select Library, &c. &c. 8vo.—Desessart's Literary Centuries of France; or a new Historical, Critical, and Bibliographical Dictionary of all the dead or living French Authors, to the end of the 18th century, 6 vols. 8vo.—Bibliographical and Typographical Journal, 5 vols. 8vo.—Camus' Select Library of Law Books, 12mo.—New Historical and Critical Dictionary of eminent and extraordinary characters, 9 vols. 8vo.—Catalogue of various Publishers and Booksellers, in Paris, 1 vol.

In this valuable collection, it may be expected, the scholar, and professional man, or artist, and the man of taste in learning, will find suitable information. The proprietor will be very glad to see them often resort to it; but he thinks it, however, his duty to mention, that, on no occasion whatever, shall any part of the said collection be lent out, considering it as a whole, which could not be of real service to the public or himself, except it is kept all together, in one particular place, as now contemplated.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A representative, of some promise, from the state of Georgia, is recognized in the person of Peter Early, Esq. a member, recently returned in the place of Mr. Milledge, who has been chosen governor of that state. If rumour speak truth of Mr. Early, he is not a *democrat*, and if credit be due to surmise or conjecture, he is a *Federalist*. Whatever his political principles may be, in the main, we cannot discover in which scale they preponderate, by the speech he delivered on the motion of Mr. Mitchel, to "recommit the bill, to prevent the importation of certain persons, whose admission is prohibited by the laws of certain state governments, for the purpose of adding some amendments." The sensibility of the southern *gentlemen* is feelingly alive, whenever a question similar to that which is involved in the principle of this bill, is brought to discussion, and they are very prompt to imagine, that all "America is deeply interested" (to adopt the language of Mr. Early) in measures, which have for their object, the more effectual protection of the *southern states*. It is, by no means, our wish, on this occasion, to excite an invidious discussion, relative to local interests, and we most heartily concur in the sentiment, expressed by Mr. Early, that "government is bound by interest, and by the most solemn ties, to protect and defend all parts of the union." There can be no doubt that the proposed law is highly necessary to the safety of the *white* population of the south, and we agree further, with Mr. Early, in viewing it as "an appeal for aid, from an exposed part of the union, to the justice and magnanimity of the National government." But, in making these concessions, we must not lose sight of a principle, which, by the middle and eastern states, is regarded as the most oppressive and injurious of stipulations, in our national compact. We allude to the principle of *representation*, recognized in the constitution, and graduated upon a *population*, which is, at the same time, held as a species of *property*. When we reflect also, that this very population is the cause of all the alarm and danger, to which the south is exposed, and that the north is called upon to contribute towards all measures of safety, in which the south is immediately interested, we are irresistibly impelled to ask, are the advantages of national union equal and reciprocal?

A spirit of mutual accommodation, and a temper disposed to conciliate, does not appear to exist between the members of our national legislature. Every measure, agitated in Congress, during the last and present sessions, bends to the all powerful influence of southern councils. Not a concession is made, nor a point carried, which originated with, or was advocated by the northern delegations. We apprehend that this *spirit of dominion* may be pushed beyond endurance, and nothing can be more evident than its tendency to dissolve the union of the states. In such an event, let it be asked, which quarter of America is most "exposed, within and without?"

By an easy transition, we might be led to consider the probable effect and influence, that the possession of Louisiana, by the French, will have upon the southern states. On this topic Mr. Early shall speak for us.

"Should serious intentions of hostile operations be entertained against this nation, as I know some gentlemen believe, I pray you to recollect, how readily a secret introduction into the bowels of the country, of persons, described in the bill, will present itself as a prelimenary step in the plan of operations. Get us engaged in quelling domestic insurrections of this fearful kind, and how easy a conquest must we become to an external force? Sir, the materials, for such an insurrection, are, already, amongst us; they are, even now, ready to take fire. Need I call your attention to what, within one year past, has happened, at no great distance from this spot? The French government, Mr. Speaker, has already wasted too much treasure, it has lost too much blood, to be content with keeping within their colonies those who have been the authors of such misery. That government, I believe, is determined to get rid of them; and the American ports present the ready opening, for the accomplishment of this object. But, Sir, suffer them to add one spark more to the combustible materials, scattered through the southern states, and the *explosion becomes inevitable*. An explosion, too, which may beggar the scenes of Guadaloupe and St. Domingo. 'Tis easier to prevent, than redress. *Once in action, and armies and treasures are lost in its suppression*. The present is the moment. Stretch forth the arm of the government, and arrest the danger. Omit this, and, awfully, I fear, that it will come upon us like a giant, in all his power. It will approach us too in the moment of fancied security—in the hour of profound repose, *and the first knowledge received will be from the cries of the dying, and the conflagration of cities, wrapt in fire.*"

These solemn and impressive truths, coming from the tongue of a southern representative, cannot be too maturely weighed by our national rulers. They are neither fiction nor exaggeration, and it cannot but excite our astonishment, that, with these prospects before the eyes of the southern people, they should be so listless and indifferent, with regard to the cession of Louisiana to the French.

The language of the Federal members of Congress, from whatever quarter they come, is uniform and consistent on this subject. Agree with us, say they to the democrats, in recommending efficient measures of defence. Guard yourselves against the introduction of foreign fire-brands among those combustible materials, of domestic growth, which abound in your borders; we will cheerfully contribute our aid, and share the burden with you. What return do these dispositions meet? Nothing but obloquy and crimination. You want, say the democrats, to hurry the country into war, because war begets expense, and expense is inconsistent with *economy*, which is synonimous, in our vocabulary, with *popularity*. You want to make the administration unpopular, that you may again come into power, and the readiest way of effecting this object, would be, to involve the country in war, because you well know, that, with our system of economy, and the talents we possess, a war could not be carried on; for these reasons, therefore, we reject your proffered aid, and, rather than the government should pass again into Federal hands, we will *sell* or *give* the southern and western country to the French. Can any policy be more palpably vicious than this; and who is there that doubts its being the prevailing sytem of our government? Let the *three-fifths gentry* once get in motion, and southern dominion will vanish like a vapour of the morning. The blackness of darkness will succeed to it, and the fair regions, which now vegetate, with inexhaustible abundance, diffusing blessings to millions of the human race, may be inveloped in a blaze of remorseless destruction.

—

On Monday the 14th of February, the honourable James Ross, senator from the state of Pennsylvania, introduced, by a nervous and spirited speech of considerable length, sundry resolutions, on the subject of our present controversy with Spain, with respect to the navigation of the Missisippi.

It is understood that Mr. Ross's animated strictures on the conduct of the administration, so disconcerted the President's phalanx, that, in the midst of his speech, he was interrupted by a call for closing the doors of the Senate. Mr. Ross then declared, that when the doors should again be open, he would resume the thread of his harrangue.

The public are anxious to obtain a faithful report of this speech, and in the meantime, they are presented with the resolutions.

Resolved, That the United States have an indisputable right to the free navigation of the river Missisippi, and to a convenient place of deposite for their produce and merchandize, in the island of New-Orleans.

That the late infraction of such their unquestionable right, is an aggresssion hostile to their honour and interest.

That it does not consist with the dignity or safety of this union, to hold a right, so important, by a tenure so uncertain.

That it materially concerns such of the American citizens as dwell on the western waters, and is essential to the union, strength and prosperity of these states, that they obtain complete security for the full and peaceable enjoyment of such their absolute right.

That the President be authorized to take immediate possession of such place or places, in the said island, or the adjacent territories, as he may deem fit, or convenient, for the purpose aforesaid, and to adopt such other measures for obtaining that security, as to him, in his wisdom, shall seem meet.

That he be authorized to call into actual service any number of the militia of the states of South-Carolina, Georgia, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, or of the Missiisippi Territory, which he may deem proper, not exceeding fifty thousand, and to employ them, together with the military and naval forces of the union, for effecting the object above mentioned.

That the sum of five millions of dollars be appropriated to the carrying into effect, the foregoing resolutions, and that the whole, or any part of that sum, be paid, or applied on warrants drawn in pursuance of such directions as the President may, from time to time, think proper to give to the secretary of the treasury.

It is conjectured, that the borderers on the Missisippi, will *vindicate* their rights, in a mode, more summary, than that prescribed by Mr. Randolph. Injured men, sometimes, run to revenge, faster than their government; and perhaps the hardy huntsmen of Kentucky will exclaim,

Let's *whip* these *stragglers* o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these over-weening *rags of France*.

—

A writer, in the Editorial Department of the New-York Morning Chronicle, adverting to the tardy encouragement of the theatre, laments, "that those, who have devoted their time and labour to amuse the public, should be so *illy* requited." We shall be grateful to the above author, if he will indicate to us, in what year of our Lord, the word "*illy*" was born, and in which of the various *English* dictionaries, we may find any register of its birth. We propose these queries, not from any spleen to the New-York writer, but because this same "*illy*," of late, makes a very frequent, though not a very pompous appearance, in many an American page. We hope, most fervently, notwithstanding the egregious folly, and mad innovations of the time, that our language will not be wholly debased, by uncouth and execrable terms, which have no other authority, than the usage of Indians, swindlers, horse jockies, speculators, and the "*acquitted felon.*"

—

MERCANTILE INTELLIGENCE, EXTRAORDINARY.

Under the Rotterdam head occurs the following laconic phraseology. Since *our last*, *coffee* is got more in demand, and will, in all probability, experience a *rise*, *sugar* seems a little *brisker*, *gin* is somewhat *duller*, and there is a chance of lower prices shortly.

—

To be dumb was the policy of last winter; to debate with closed doors this. Such an unheard of "occlusion," in the "gestion" of our affairs, is, certainly, a disrespect, if not an "oppugnation," to the sense of the country.

[*N. E. Palladium.*

—

To impeach a Judge, of high crimes and misdemeanors, who "has been for a considerable time *afflicted* with *insanity*," seems to be a cruel aggravation of calamity, and yet the constitution of the United States provides no other method for removing a judge from office; nor can his place be supplied until such removal take place.

A committee of Congress lately had a case of this kind before them, and have reported a resolution, that the insane judge should be impeached.

—

In the new College, in Nova Scotia, the following rules are judiciously adopted. "No students will be admitted who have not a competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and it will be required, in particular, that they should be able to construe Virgil and Horace, the Gospels in the Greek Testament, Homer's Iliad, and Xenophon's Cyropædia, Memorabilia, or some other book of Greek Prose; that they be capable of translating English into Latin, and of making Latin verses.

And, in order to encourage students throughout his majesty's dominions in America, to prepare themselves with diligence for entering this College, a certain number of the scholarships established by charter, with a suitable stipend, will be conferred on such as shall most distinguish themselves for learning, on the examination for admission, upon the opening of the College; of which public notice will be given.

Meanwhile a Grammar-school, now in a very flourishing condition, is continued within the College, to qualify young persons for entering the University.

THE OLLA, No. II.

In our front pages, having *set forth* our grave matter for the serious, we now purvey for the laughers,

" Who relish a joke, and rejoice at a pun."

Advertisement, copied from the *Monaghan paper*, Ireland:—Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of my wearing apparel, without my knowledge, this is, therefore, to inform him, that if he does not forthwith return the same, his *name* shall be made public.

Though the *naked fashions* still prevail, it does not appear that they are encouraged from a *want of cloathing*. The celebrated Cyprian, Mrs. Potter, boasts an hundred dresses, but never wears more in weight than *seven ounces* at a time.

A Dublin Apothecary advertises, that he has removed to the corner of St. Peter's Churchyard, where he will let apartments, cellarage, and other conveniencies, *under-ground*, on moderate terms.

As *Paper* is now composed of *nettle-leaves*, bark of the *willow-tree*, and *straw*, a Correspondent recommends, that Satires should be printed on the *first*, Novels on the *second*, and the productions of Pastoral Poets on the *third*.

Some years ago, a person requested permission of the bishop of Salisbury, to fly from the top of the spire of that cathedral. The good bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual as well as temporal safety, told him he was very welcome to fly *to* the church, but he would encourage no man to fly *from* it.

A young woman went, lately, to a lady of quality, to offer herself for the place of her ladyship's own maid, and wished, of course, to obtain credit for all the qualifications which she conceived the place required. " You can dress me, I suppose?" said her ladyship.—" Oh, yes, please your ladyship," answered the girl, " very expeditiously, in *half an hour*." " Half an hour, child!" cried her ladyship in a fright, " and what am I to do with myself *all the rest of the morning?*"

Extremes in fashion, as in every thing else, will meet. When *Granagh Waile*, a barbarous Irish Princess, was presented to Queen Elizabeth, she had neither a *pocket* nor *pocket handkerchief*, and her *whole dress* was connected by a *single pin*.

Ministers have made peace as the Irishman leapt over the ditch. Not being able to do it at *once*, he tried to do it at *twice*—jumped into the middle of the mud, and was forced *to crawl out again as well as he was able*.

A nobleman being asked by Queen Mary, who had long promised him a consideration for his services, " what wind blew him to court?" answered—" Two—the first was my desire that I might see your Majesty."—" I thank you for the compliment," returned the Queen; " pray what was the other."—" Why, that your Majesty might see me."

A fashionable couple sat in the same box at the Margate Theatre, one night, with a large favourite mastiff between them. The lady amused herself in gently stroking the animal, and the husband occasionally assisted her. The only one of the three who seemed to attend to the performance was *the dog*.

Mr. Sauer, in his new publication, states, that in the frozen regions of Siberia a man is permitted to have *two wives* in winter, and *one* in summer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to peruse, again, the manuscripts of Asmodeo.

Amid the leisure of a rural winter, " Constantia," we know, reflects with wisdom. We wish her to write frequently.

We solicit the fair " Hero" to exhibit the bright lamp of her fancy, to guide or to dazzle our city Leanders.

The Sutton Songstress, in Mr. Blake's paper; the Nightingale of the Ægis, who sings so prettily to her democratic dulcimer; the far famed Rosanna Maria, is a genuine disciple of the school of Della Crusca.

E'en Rosa burns, of gods and chiefs to sing,
Rosa, who lately twitter'd to the string
Her namby pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
Where airy lays, wove by the hand of morn
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn.
W. GIFFORD.

We shall not quarrel with P. Prosody, who professes himself " an humble proselyte of our opinions in literature, in politics, and in criticism," on account of the use he has made of an " Ode to Happiness," published in the Port Folio, in the month of May of the past year. The " Ode to Happiness," is freely, and without remorse, given up to " the buffeting of Satan," or any *other* Critic; but, if our " humble proselyte" be not an humble admirer of the personal attractions of " Rosanna Maria," we think he can have little taste or discernment, if he be in love with her mental accomplishments, particularly when enlisted in the service of the Muses. Rosanna Maria may be some cherry-cheek'd, ruby lipp'd rural nymph, whose charms would extort poetry from prose or *prosody*, but we will venture, without any knowledge of Rosanna, than as a *woman*, to make a proposal to Prosody, her swain, similar to that which some one has made before—

I take her body, you her mind,
Which has the better bargain?

" Aurelius," in his " Progress of Democracy," judiciously employs his remembrance of historical events, and, in a chaste style, warns the jacobin quack, not to tamper with the political constitution.

" Lucinda" is invited to a correspondence. We are disposed, with her, to plead the rights of her sex, and we applaud her spirit and her style.

A very elegant article of Criticism, upon the Hermit of Dr. Parnell, shall appear soon; and we are pleased to see the polished pen of " Harley" employed on a theme so liberal and instructive. Articles of this description are very delightful to the Editor, and of singular utility to those, who are in the exercise of the powers of judgment, taste, and invention.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE.

Think, my fairest, how delay,
Danger ev'ry moment brings,
Time flies swift, and will not stay,
Time, that's ever on its wings.

Doubting and suspense at best,
Lovers late repentance cost,
Let us, eager to be blest,
Seize th' occasion ere 'tis lost.

I do swear by yon sun's ray,
By the stars that round him shine,
That I ne'er will thee betray,
Thou consenting to be mine.

Phœbus shall withdraw his light,
Planets leave their wonted rounds,
Ev'ry thing lie hid in night,
Endless night, that knows no bounds.

Nature's laws shall be reversed,
Rivers backward roll their tide,
When thy image from my breast
To some distant place shall glide.

When I thee forsake, my love,
Let me in the earth expire,
Let the angry hand of Jove
Strike me dead with pointed fire.

TRANSLATION.

Chara, cunctando subeamus ultro
Triste peric'lum, volat hora velox
Neve moratur, tremulis abire
Festinat alis.

Pœnitet sero nimis adamantes,
Heu! nimis sero, dubii moræque;
Dum fovet, tempus, rapiamus ultro
Felicitatem.

Juro per solis radios amœnos,
Juro per stellas medio micantes,
Me meam nunquam male prodituram
Tempus in omne.

Ante, sol terris radios negabit,
Ante, planetæ solitos relinquent
Cursus; æternis jaciet sepultum
Omne tenebris;

Legibus mundi violatis, ante,
Monte et ascenso properabit amnis,
Quam vultus tuus fugiet remotus
Pectore nostro.

Cum meam linguam, mihi fœdifrago
Terra dehiscat, subitoque iratus
Caput adustum feriat corrusco
Jupiter igne.

—

THE TEMPTATION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN EPIGRAM.

Wise Mammoth, in the chair of state,
By slanders foul obtain'd;
How he should keep it, held debate,
By the same arts 'twas gain'd.

He pass'd his forces in review,
Smith, Cheetham, Jones, Duane;
" Dull rascals—these will never do,"
Quoth he—" I'll send for PAINE."

Then, from his darling den in France,
To tempt the wretch to come,
He made Tom's brain with flattery dance,
And TOOK THE TAX FROM RUM.

—

[The character of Aretine, whose severity procured him the appellation of " the scourge of kings," is described in an epitaph, equally applicable to his modern imitator, Tom Paine.]

Time that destroys the proudest men,
Has placed within this earthy bed,
The scoffing Aretine, whose pen
Defam'd the living and the dead.

His bitter taunts, his jests severe,
Virtue and innocence annoy'd;
E'en Glory's palm and Pity's tear,
His black and rancorous tongue destroy'd.

The King of Kings, who sits on high,
And rules as well this nether sphere,
Escap'd not his foul blasphemy,
For oft he cried " no God is there."

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
AND PRINTED BY H. MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.